GOLD KEY®

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THE TWILIGHT ZONE

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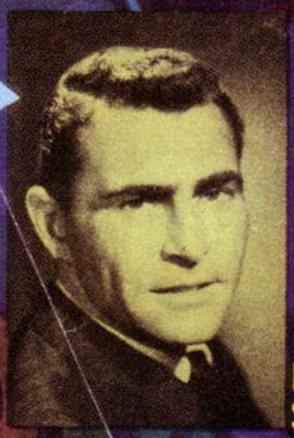

ROD SERLING

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

He cheated the artist out of his fee—
and the paintings have come to collect!

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THE TWILIGHT ZONE
A CALL FOR Mr. TRAVERS
DENTON AND DENTON, ATTORNEYS IN SAN FRANCISCO, HAVE THE MOST MODERN GADGET OF 1906 -- THE TELEPHONE! MR. JOSEPH TRAVERS, LAW CLERK, IS VERY CASUAL ABOUT THIS CALL! WHAT HE DOESN'T KNOW IS THAT AFTER HE LIFTS THE RECEIVER, HIS LIFE WILL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN -- BECAUSE THIS CALL ORIGINATES IN THE... TWILIGHT ZONE!
RR-RING-GG!

MR. TRAVERS, THIS IS TOM IN MAINTENANCE! JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU WE HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO FIX THAT ELEVATOR LIFT YET!
THANK YOU, TOM! WE WERE JUST LEAVING NOW, AS A MATTER OF FACT!

MISS MOLLY, MISS MARY... THAT LIFT IS... BROKEN! YOU'D BETTER USE THE STAIRS!
NONSENSE, MR. TRAVERS! IT JUST TOOK MR. DENTON DOWN, WORKING PERFECTLY!
TWILIGHT ZONE 71-765

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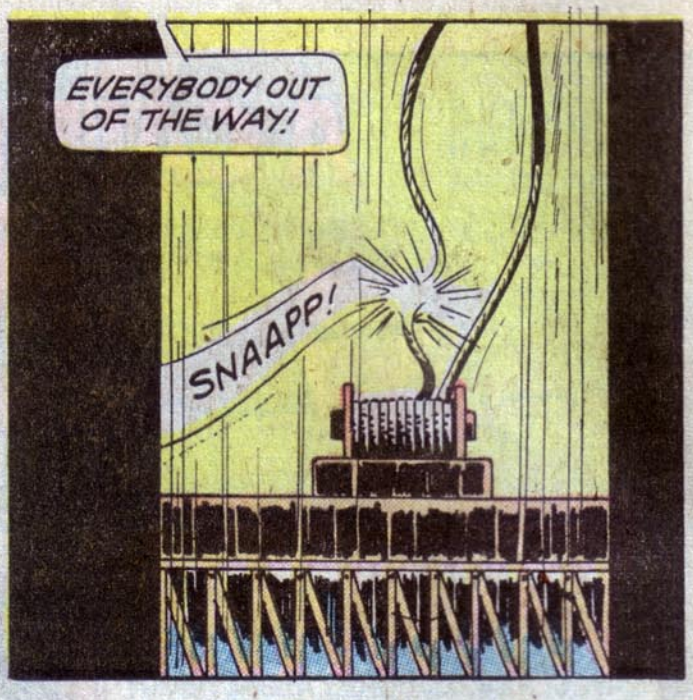
WHY, WHAT IS THE MATTER, MR. TRAVERS? WHY SHOULD I WALK DOWN FOUR FLIGHTS OF STAIRS?
MOLLY, YOU'RE NOT TO GET INTO THAT LIFT!


EVERYBODY OUT OF THE WAY!
SNAAPP!

TRAVERS HAILS A PASSING CAB FOR THE SHAKEN WOMEN...
5 ST.
NOW, YOU GIRLS GO HOME AND GET A NICE CUP OF TEA!
I MUST FIND THAT JANITOR, TOM, AND THANK HIM!
OH, MR. TRAVERS, HOW ON EARTH DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THE ELEVATOR LIFT CABLE? I'M EVER SO GRATEFUL TO YOU! I'D BE DEAD NOW!

BUT TRAVERS IS SURPRISED TO DISCOVER...
NOPE! SORRY, MR. TRAVERS! NO ONE NAMED TOM HERE! WE DON'T HAVE A PHONE HOOKUP ANYWAYS! NEW-FANGLED CONTRAPTIONS! CAN'T TELL WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO CONNECT!

I CAN'T FIGURE THAT OUT! I KNOW SOMEONE CALLED ON THE TELEPHONE TO GIVE ME THAT WARNING!

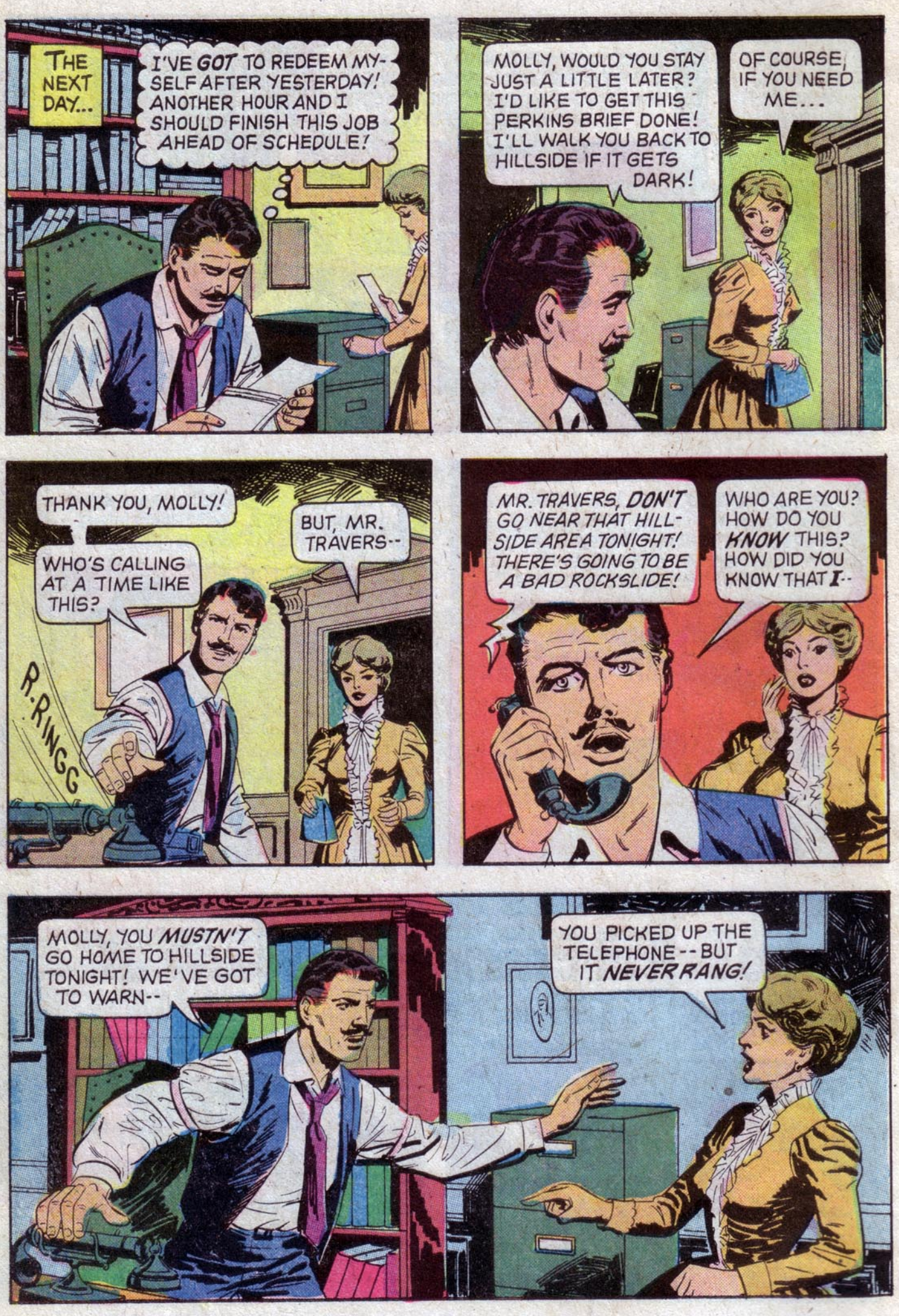
THE NEXT MORNING, TRAVERS HAD FORGOTTEN THE STRANGE INCIDENT...
MOLLY, IS THAT CONTRACT COPIED? I'M TO MEET MR. MURPHY, OUR NEW CLIENT, AT HIS OFFICE AND TAKE HIM TO LUNCH! I'LL NEED IT!
RINGG!

HELLO, TRAVERS, THIS IS MURPHY! I'D RATHER NOT GO TO THE WHARF RESTAURANT TODAY! THOSE PILINGS ARE JUST ABOUT TO GIVE WAY!... MEET ME AT THE STRATFORD HOTEL!
VERY WELL, SIR!

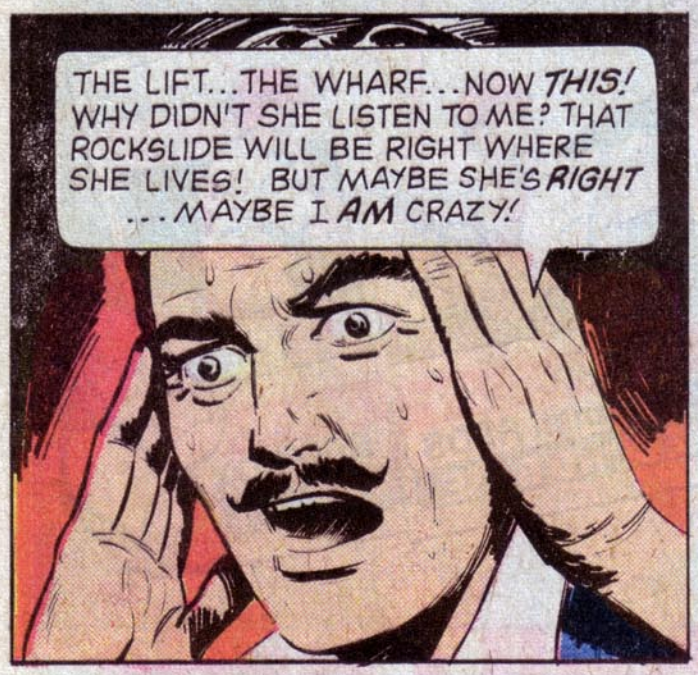
WE WERE SUPPOSED TO MEET AT NOON AND IT'S TWO THIRTY! DID I GET THE MESSAGE WRONG?

EXTRA! EXTRA! FISHERMAN'S WHARF SUPPORTS BREAK! RESTAURANT DESTROYED! READ ALL ABOUT IT!
GOOD HEAVENS, JUST WHERE WE WOULD HAVE GONE! MAYBE MURPHY DID GO THERE!

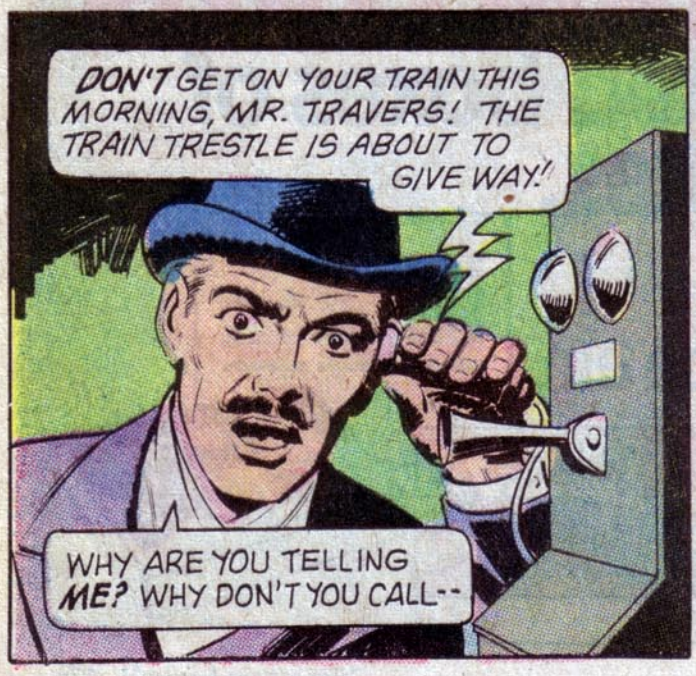
TRAVERS RUSHES TO MURPHY'S OFFICE, WHERE...
YOU SAY I PHONED YOU TO CHANGE OUR PLANS? I MADE NO SUCH CALL! WHAT'S MORE, I WAITED ONE HOUR FOR YOU! YOUR FIRM WILL HEAR ABOUT THIS!


THE NEXT DAY...
I'VE GOT TO REDEEM MYSELF AFTER YESTERDAY! ANOTHER HOUR AND I SHOULD FINISH THIS JOB AHEAD OF SCHEDULE!
MOLLY, WOULD YOU STAY JUST A LITTLE LATER? I'D LIKE TO GET THIS PERKINS BRIEF DONE! I'LL WALK YOU BACK TO HILLSIDE IF IT GETS DARK!
OF COURSE, IF YOU NEED ME...
THANK YOU, MOLLY!
WHO'S CALLING AT A TIME LIKE THIS?
BUT, MR. TRAVERS--
R-RINGG
MR. TRAVERS, DON'T GO NEAR THAT HILLSIDE AREA TONIGHT! THERE'S GOING TO BE A BAD ROCKSLIDE!
WHO ARE YOU? HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS? HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT I--
MOLLY, YOU MUSTN'T GO HOME TO HILLSIDE TONIGHT! WE'VE GOT TO WARN--
YOU PICKED UP THE TELEPHONE -- BUT IT NEVER RANG!

STAY AWAY FROM ME! YOU'RE MAD!
MOLLY-- WAIT!


THE LIFT...THE WHARF...NOW THIS! WHY DIDN'T SHE LISTEN TO ME? THAT ROCKSLIDE WILL BE RIGHT WHERE SHE LIVES! BUT MAYBE SHE'S RIGHT ...MAYBE I AM CRAZY!

THE NEXT MORNING, AFTER A SLEEPLESS NIGHT, TRAVERS IS LEAVING HIS BOARDING HOUSE WHEN...
NO! NOT AGAIN!
R-R-RING!


DON'T GET ON YOUR TRAIN THIS MORNING, MR. TRAVERS! THE TRAIN TRESTLE IS ABOUT TO GIVE WAY!
WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME? WHY DON'T YOU CALL--

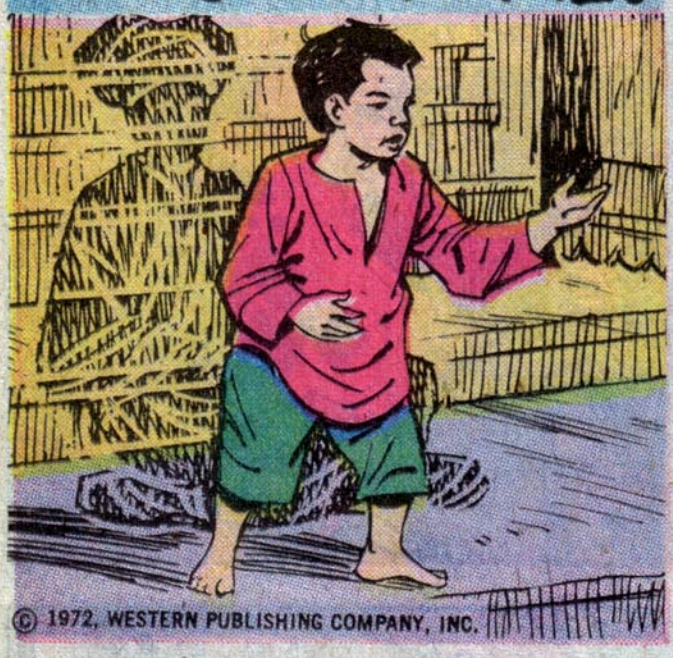
A TRAIN TRESTLE! HUNDREDS OF LIVES! BUT THE ROCKSLIDE? I HAVEN'T HEARD... NO TIME TO CHECK... CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE...MAYBE I AM CRAZY!... GOT TO WARN THE PEOPLE AT THE STATION!

WAIT! STOP! DON'T GET ON THIS TRAIN! THERE'S GOING TO BE AN ACCIDENT!
I SAW THEIR FACES! THEY THINK I'M CRAZY, TOO!
HOURS LATER, TRAVERS GETS TO THE OFFICE BY ANOTHER ROUTE...
JOSEPH! WE THOUGHT MAYBE YOU WERE CAUGHT IN THAT HORRIBLE TRAIN WRECK! THREE HUNDRED PEOPLE DEAD!
OH, MR. TRAVERS, DID YOU HEAR? POOR MOLLY... HER HOUSE WAS CRUSHED BY THE ROCKSLIDE LAST NIGHT!
OH, MR. DENTON WANTS TO SEE YOU!
YOU SEEM AWFULLY SHAKY THESE DAYS, JOSEPH! IS SOMETHING BOTHERING YOU?
IT--IT'S THE PHONE CALLS I'VE BEEN GETTING, MR. DENTON!
AND AFTER TRAVERS EXPLAINS...
YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT CRAZY YARN?
R-RING!
HE'LL REALLY THINK I'M LOONY IF I PICK UP THE PHONE! BUT I MUST!

SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, MR. TRAVERS, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO LEAVE TOWN!... THERE'S GOING TO BE AN EARTHQUAKE!
EARTH-QUAKE?
WHAT?
THERE'S GOING TO BE AN EARTHQUAKE! GOT TO WARN EVERY-BODY!
YOU'RE COMPLETELY OUT OF YOUR MIND, JOSEPH!
THE NEWSPAPERS! NO-- CITY HALL! GOT TO TELL THE MAYOR... MAKE HIM EVACUATE THE CITY!
MR. MAYOR, YOU MUST BELIEVE ME! THERE'S GOING TO BE AN EARTH-QUAKE! THOSE ROCK-SLIDES WERE ONLY--
YOU'RE A MAD-MAN! YOU'LL THROW THE WHOLE CITY INTO A PANIC!
ARREST HIM! GET HIM OUT OF THE CITY! THROW HIM IN JAIL WHERE HE CAN'T START A PANIC!
PLEASE! WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME--

WON'T ANYBODY LISTEN? FOURTIMES BEFORE I GOT THESE CALLS! FOUR TIMES, THERE'S BEEN A DISASTER!
THE EARTHQUAKE! JUST AS THE PHONE CALL TOLD ME! WHY WOULDN'T THEY LISTEN TO ME?
NO...NO...I WON'T PICK IT UP! I CAN'T STAND ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE CALLS!
R-RINGG!
AUGH!
FIRE DEP
R-RINGG!
AMBULANCE
FOUR PHONE CALLS, EACH WITH A WARNING FOR JOSEPH TRAVERS! WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT THIS LAST ONE WOULD HAVE TOLD HIM! PERHAPS HE MIGHT HAVE SAVED HIS OWN LIFE BY ANSWERING THAT FINAL CALL FROM THE TWILIGHT ZONE!

What's in a NAME?



On March 14, 1944 in Bisauli, India, a son was born to Professor and Mrs. Bankey Lal Sharma. With the best intentions in the world, they named the baby Pramodh. Naturally they assumed that he was named for the rest of his life. They couldn't have been more mistaken.

When Pramodh was three he announced that his name was *not* Pramodh. "My real name is Paramanand!" Doubtless when he first made this revision, his parents thought it was merely one of the cute things children say. They did not hold that view long. Their son soon began to prattle about the town of Moradabad where, he stubbornly insisted, he used to live. He had never seen that town but he described it and told of a bakery shop he once owned there.

By the time Pramodh-Paramanand was four, he treated his family to more astonishing statements: his last name was not Sharma but Mohan; he had three brothers, a daughter and four sons; his fat wife still lived in Moradabad. Not, you will admit, the talk of even a precocious child.

Belief in reincarnation is widespread in India, a tenet of the Hindu religion. But Pramodh's father resisted his clamor to be taken to Moradabad since it is thought that any person who knows a past incarnation will die young. Yet the boy talked constantly of his other life, and in adult language. By the time he was five, his family decided it was necessary to test the accuracy of the child's stories. Father, son and other relatives went by train to Moradabad.

Pramodh without hesitation led his family from the station to the bakery shop he claimed to have owned, run now by three Mohan brothers. Those brothers must have been staggered when a small stranger of five announced that he was their fourth brother. Did they have another brother? asked the professor. Yes, by name Paramanand, but he died on May 9, 1943. Ten months before Pramodh was born!

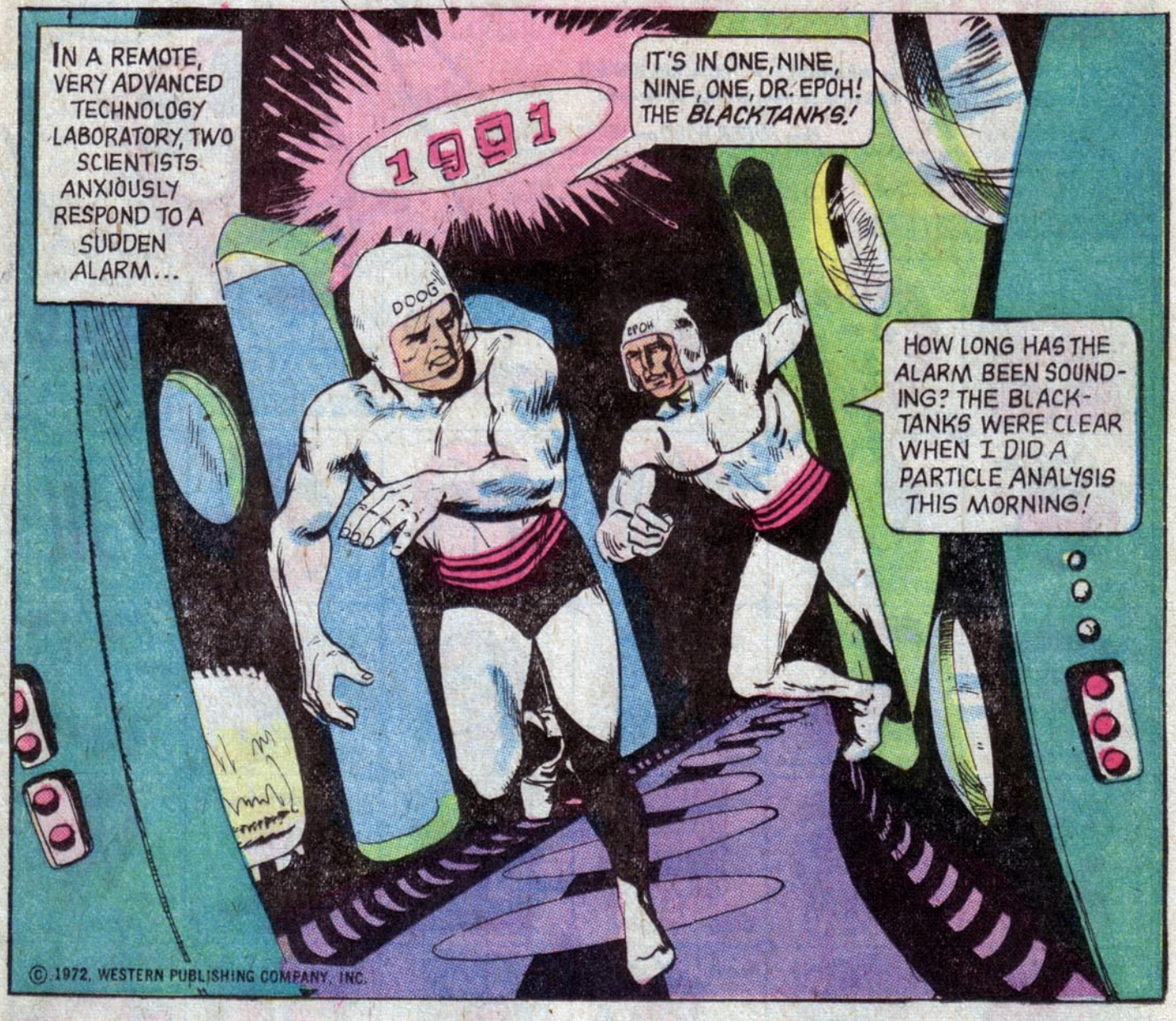
Pramodh now led his father to a soda water factory which Paramanand had operated. Could a five-year-old boy explain the intricate mechanics of a carbonating machine? This one did!!

Next stop—the house where Paramanand once lived and where his family still lived. Pramodh immediately noted that two rooms had been added since he died, and he easily recognized and called by name the fat wife of Paramanand, his daughter and four sons. Moreover Pramodh knew private details of all their lives, facts impossible to know by anyone outside the family.

Pramodh had said from the time he was three that when he had been Paramanand "my tummy got wet and I died." Now it was learned that Paramanand had died from an adominal complication and just before death had been given a hot bath.

The little boy wept when the time came to leave his first family and return to Bisauli with his second. He lives today in Bisauli. He uses the name Pramodh Sharma. But is he two people or one? Do the ties of his other life fade with the years, or does he still mourn the loss of his wife and children in Moradabad? Those questions are unanswered, but let us ask another to which the answer is clear. Is there any doubt that five-year-old Pramodh Sharma possessed the memories of the grown man Paramanand Mohan? *None*. The evidence is overwhelming.

THE EXPERIMENT


IN A REMOTE, VERY ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY LABORATORY, TWO SCIENTISTS ANXIOUSLY RESPOND TO A SUDDEN ALARM...
1991
IT'S IN ONE, NINE, NINE, ONE, DR. EPOH! THE BLACKTANKS!
DOOG
EPOH
HOW LONG HAS THE ALARM BEEN SOUNDING? THE BLACKTANKS WERE CLEAR WHEN I DID A PARTICLE ANALYSIS THIS MORNING!
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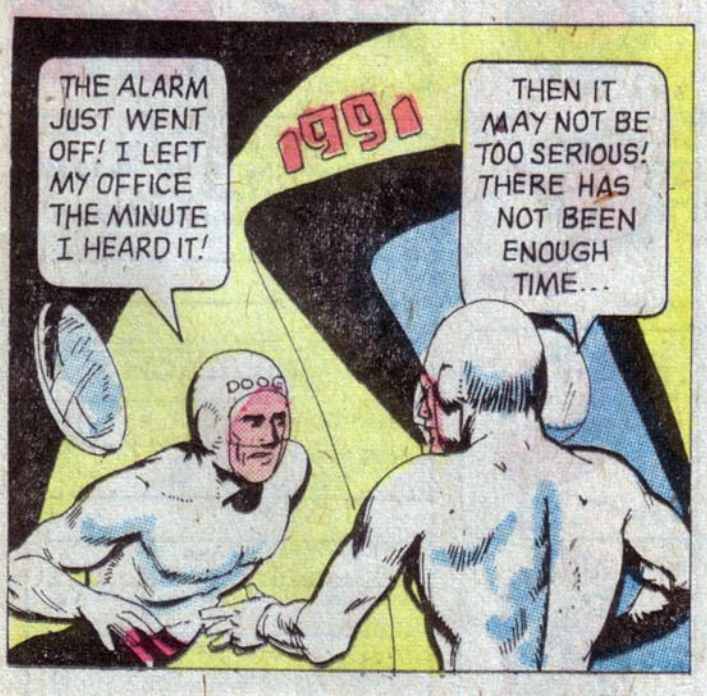
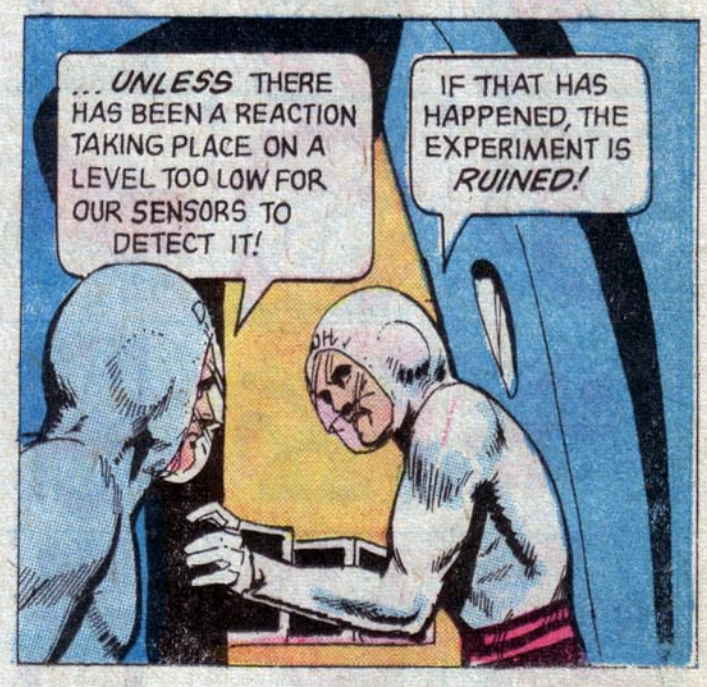

THE ALARM JUST WENT OFF! I LEFT MY OFFICE THE MINUTE I HEARD IT!
1991
THEN IT MAY NOT BE TOO SERIOUS! THERE HAS NOT BEEN ENOUGH TIME...
DOOG


... UNLESS THERE HAS BEEN A REACTION TAKING PLACE ON A LEVEL TOO LOW FOR OUR SENSORS TO DETECT IT!
IF THAT HAS HAPPENED, THE EXPERIMENT IS RUINED!
OH!

I'VE SPENT MY LIFE WITH THIS EXPERIMENT, DOOG! IF THE BLACK-TANKS ARE A FAILURE, THEN SO AM I!
DON'T BE SO READY TO GIVE UP, EPOH! LISTEN ... THE ALARM STOPPED!
YOU'RE RIGHT, IT HAS STOPPED! AND THE SECONDARY ALARM NEVER DID GO ON!
THE TANKS LOOK UNDISTURBED!
I'M SURE THERE'S NOTHING WRONG!... THIS ONE IS CLEAR, TOO! IF THERE'S A SINGLE CONTAMINATING PARTICLE, A PENETRATING BINOCULAR WILL FIND IT!
DOOG
WE WON'T KNOW UNTIL WE CHECK EVERY BLACK-TANK! OH, RELEASE THE DOOR, DOOG! I ASKED MISS EKAT TO COME!
EKAT
THE BLACK-TANK ALARM WENT OFF, MISS EKAT! HAVE YOU ANY CLUE WHY?
EKAT
OH, DR. EPOH! YOU DON'T THINK THAT I --

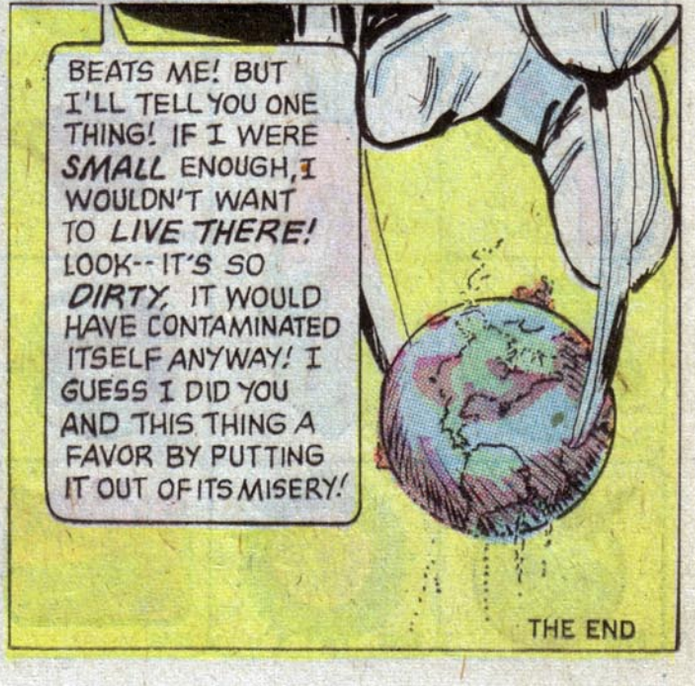
I DIDN'T SUGGEST IT WAS YOUR FAULT! BUT, DID YOU DO A PARTICLE ANALYSIS ON EVERY SINGLE TANK BEFORE LEAVING?
I--I THINK SO--OH!
DOOG
DR. EPOH! PARTICLES!
NO! NO! A LIFETIME OF WORK--RUINED! RUINED BY A STUPID ACCIDENT--A ONE IN TEN MILLION CHANCE!
EPOH
LOOK! THIS IS WHAT I COULD HAVE MADE! PURE ENERGY! LOOK CLOSELY... DO YOU SEE THOSE WHITE DOTS? EACH DOT IS A PARTICLE OF PURE ENERGY!
EPOH
IF DONE PERFECTLY, MY EXPERIMENT WOULD HAVE YIELDED BILLIONS OF ENERGY BITS! I EVEN HAD A NAME PICKED OUT FOR THEM! STARS!
BUT LOOK THROUGH THE PENETRATING BINOCULAR! WHAT DID I GET?...
...A CONTAMINATED PIECE OF JUNK!

DOOG! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
IT MAY NOT BE TOO LATE! WE MAY STILL HAVE A CHANCE TO KEEP THE BLACK-TANKS UNCONTAMINATED!
EPOH
DOOG

I'M GOING TO GET THAT PIECE OF JUNK BEFORE IT CONTAM-INATES THE REST OF THE BLACKTANKS!

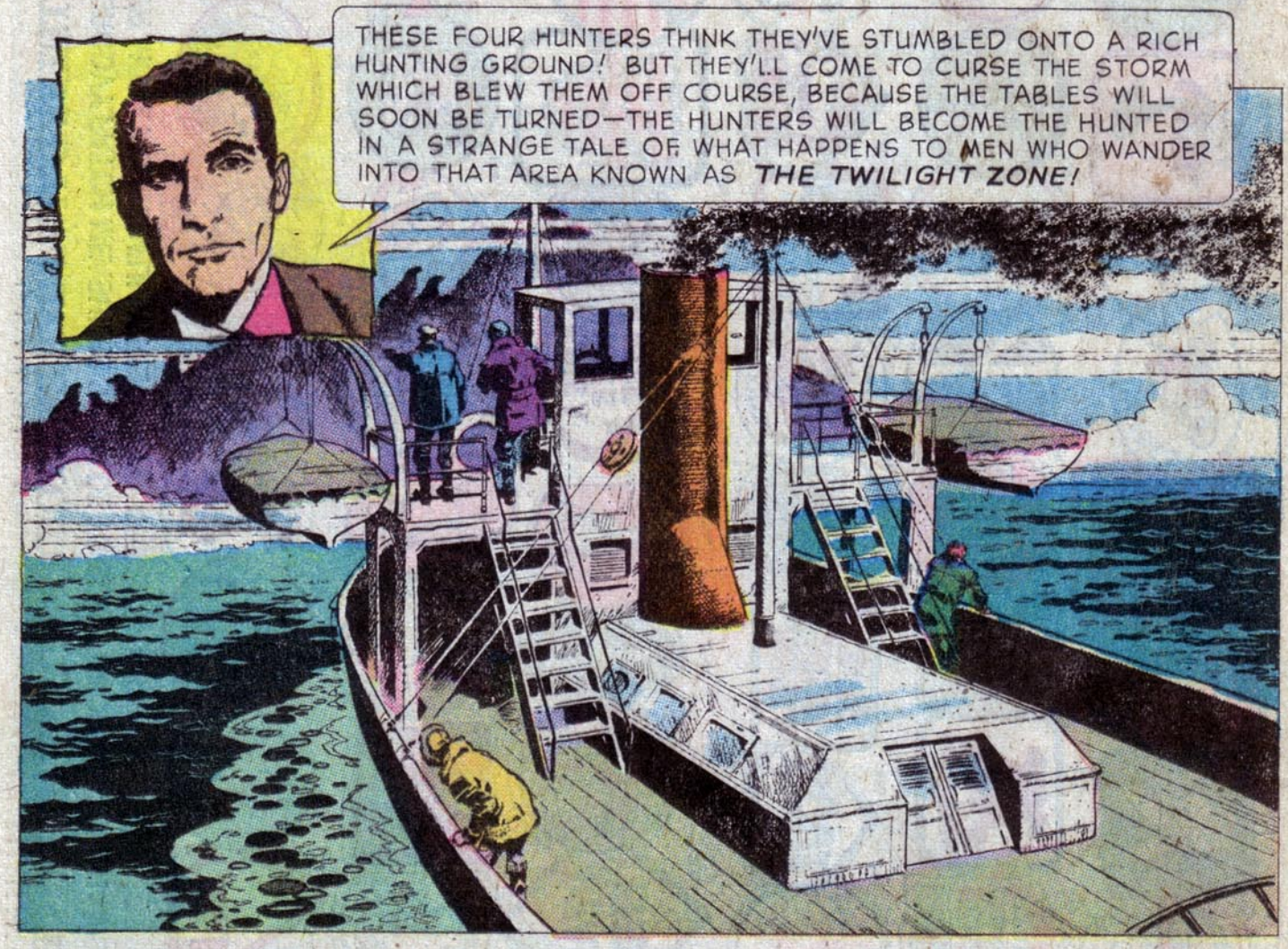
AT THAT SAME MOMENT, PERHAPS NOT SO FAR REMOTE FROM DR. EPOH'S LABORA-TORY...
...THIS IS MORE THAN AN EMERGENCY... THE WHOLE EARTH IS TREMBLING... IT'S NOT THE BOMB... IT'S NOT AN EARTHQUAKE... NOBODY KNOWS WHAT IT IS OR WHEN IT WILL END... WE'RE HELP-LESS TO SAVE OURSELVES... THIS MAY BE THE END OF THE--AAH!
EEEE!
HELP!!
AHHH!
SAVE ME!

I'VE GOT IT, DR. EPOH! I'VE GOT IT!


BEATS ME! BUT I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING! IF I WERE SMALL ENOUGH, I WOULDN'T WANT TO LIVE THERE! LOOK--IT'S SO DIRTY, IT WOULD HAVE CONTAMINATED ITSELF ANYWAY! I GUESS I DID YOU AND THIS THING A FAVOR BY PUTTING IT OUT OF ITS MISERY!
THE END

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

THE CURSE OF SEAL BAY


THESE FOUR HUNTERS THINK THEY'VE STUMBLED ONTO A RICH HUNTING GROUND! BUT THEY'LL COME TO CURSE THE STORM WHICH BLEW THEM OFF COURSE, BECAUSE THE TABLES WILL SOON BE TURNED—THE HUNTERS WILL BECOME THE HUNTED IN A STRANGE TALE OF WHAT HAPPENS TO MEN WHO WANDER INTO THAT AREA KNOWN AS THE TWILIGHT ZONE!

MORY, EDGAR, LOOK!! HUNDREDS OF SEALS!! I'VE NEVER SEEN A HUNTING GROUND LIKE THIS—EVER!!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THESE ISLANDS AREN'T ON THE MAP—BUT WHO CARES!!

ZACK HANCOCK, THE CAPTAIN, SPEAKS A LITTLE OF THE ESKIMO TONGUE. HE TRANSLATES FOR THE OTHERS...
HE SAYS THESE SEALS ARE ALL SACRED, THAT THEY'RE PROTECTED BY THE ESKIMO GOD! HE'S BEGGING US NOT TO KILL THEM! WHAT DO YE SAY TO THAT BOYS? HA HA HA

HE JUST WANTS TO KEEP THE SKINS HIMSELF! I'M GOING TO GET ME SOME OF THOSE YOUNG ONES!
ME TOO! ESKIMO GOD! WE'VE GOT THE GUNS...THEY CAN'T HURT US!
ALL DAY THE FOUR WORK, SLAUGHTERING SEALS IN HUGE NUMBERS, STACKING UP PILES OF PELTS...
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE CARCASSES, EDGAR, WE'LL LEAVE THEM FOR THE ESKIMO GOD!
HEY, LOOK WHAT I FOUND! A RARE SEAL TUSK! BIGGEST ONE I'VE EVER SEEN! WHAT A PRIZE!
FINALLY, AT NIGHTFALL...
CAREFUL THERE, THIS BOAT'S SO FULL SHE COULD TIP OVER IN A SECOND!
I'M KINDA GLAD TO GET OUT OF THERE— CREEPY PLACE...ALMOST LIKE AN EVIL SPIRIT WAS AROUND!
HAW HAW! MORY'S AFRAID! THROW THOSE PELTS UP TO ME, ROLF! NOBODY HERE BUT US HUNTERS!

BUT ONE OF THE LARGER BALES SEEMS TO JUMP FROM THE CAPTAIN'S HANDS...
HELP! HELP! I'M FALLING OVERBOARD!
SWIM AROUND THE SKINS, MORY!
HELP! HELP! I CAN'T...SOMETHING'S HOLDING ME! HELP ME, PLEASE!
HE'S GONE UNDER—LIKE SOMETHING WAS PULLING HIM DOWN!
SOMETHING PULLING HIM? HE PANICKED! WELL, THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR POOR MORY NOW!
DEATH IS NOT STRANGE TO THE HUNTERS. THEY THINK NO MORE ABOUT MORY...
SEE THAT TUSK UP THERE? BEAUTY, ISN'T IT? THAT SEAL SURE HATED TO GIVE IT UP!
ON THE TRIP HOME...
THIS IS SOME STORM!
IT'S AS BAD AS THAT ONE THAT BLEW US OFF COURSE; 'CEPT WE GOT LUCKY AND HIT THOSE SEAL GROUNDS! GOOD NIGHT, ROLF!

HUH? WHAT'S THAT?
CRASH!
THE...THE TUSK! IT'S COMING AFTER ME! IT SHOULD BE ROLLING AWAY FROM ME! GET AWAY FROM ME! AUGH!
THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN THE STORM ABATES...
POOR OLD ROLF, WHAT A FREAK ACCIDENT...HIS SKULL IS NIGH MASHED BY THE TUSK HE FOUND!
PREPARE A BURIAL AT SEA AND THROW THAT INFERNAL THING OVER WITH THE BODY!
I DON'T LIKE THIS...TWO OF THE MATES KILLED...YOU CAN'T TELL ME THE CAPTAIN AIN'T WORRIED!
HE WOULDN'T LET EDGAR KEEP THAT TUSK...MADE HIM THROW IT OVERBOARD, HE DID! SCARY, AIN'T IT?
STOP ALL THAT MUMBLING! YOU THERE, GET TO WORK! I WANT TO HAVE SOME COATS READY BY THE TIME WE REACH LAND!

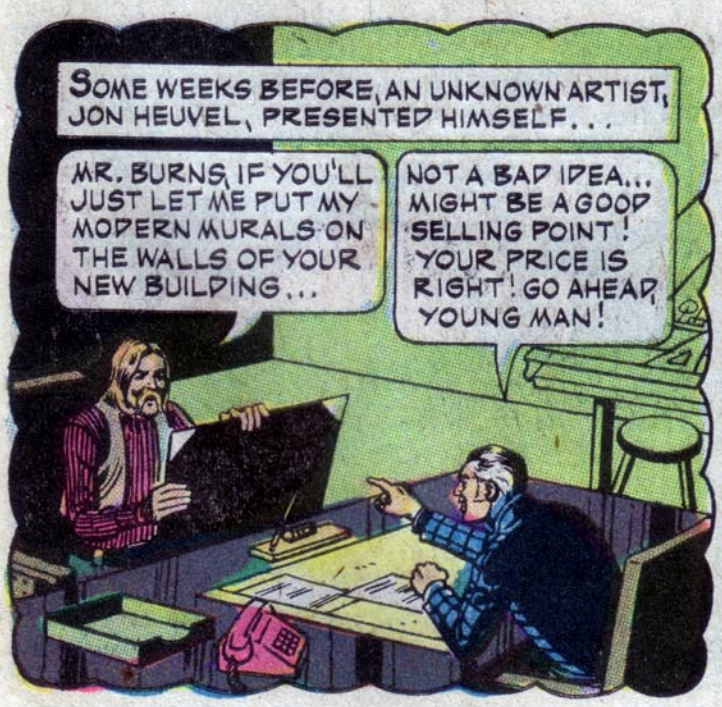
SOON LAND IS SIGHTED...
I CAN'T WAIT TO GET OFF THIS SHIP! WHERE'S THAT SEALSKIN SCARF? I'M GOING TO LOOK SWELL...
THERE! HEY, ZACK! DON'T YOU WISH YOU'D MADE ONE OF THESE?
WHOOF ACK
IT.., THE SCARF...IT'S STRANGLING HIM!
THERE IS A CURSE ON THESE SKINS! MORY...ROLF...EDGAR... IT GOT THEM! IT MIGHT BE AFTER ME! GOT TO GET RID OF THESE PELTS—ALL OF THEM—FIRST BUYER I FIND!
AS SOON AS THE SHIP HAS BERTHED...
AND JUST TO SHOW I MEAN BUSINESS, SAMUEL, I'LL MAKE YOU A PERSONAL PRESENT OF MY NEW COAT!
IT'S A DEAL! DO ME A FAVOR, WILL YOU? TAKE IT UPSTAIRS AND HANG IT IN THE CLOSET SO IT WON'T GET MIXED UP WITH THE PELTS!

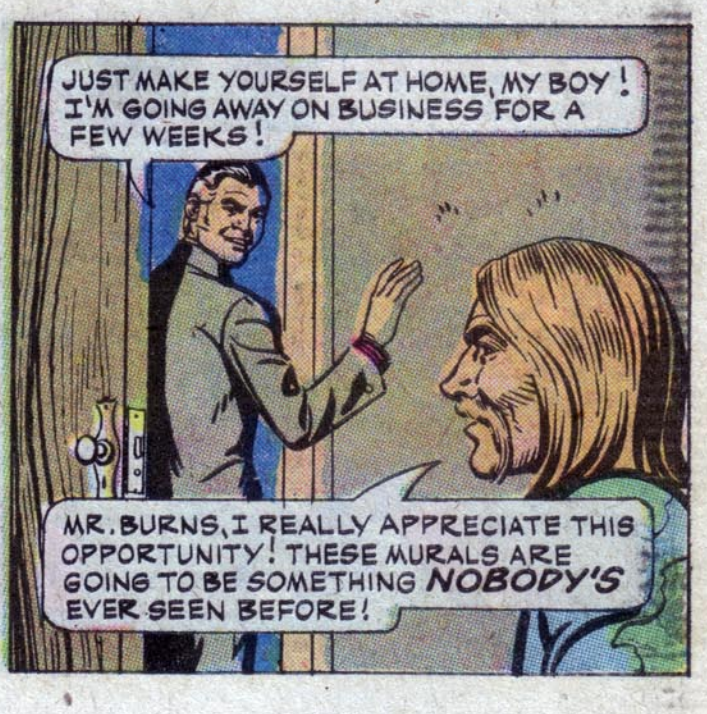
WELL, THAT DOES IT! NOW I'LL COLLECT MY MONEY AND GET FAR AWAY AND I'LL BE FREE OF THESE CURSED PELTS!
HEY! WHAT! STOP! NO, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET ME!
GRUNT!...OOF! IT'S SMOTHERING ME! GRMMMFFF!
ZACK! WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE?
EYAAHMMFFF!
HE'S DEAD! AND MY NEW COAT,,, RIPPED TO SHREDS!
TOO LATE, FOUR HUNTERS LEARNED THE PRICE OF BREAKING TABOOS IN A LAND THAT DIDN'T APPEAR ON ANY MAP BECAUSE IT WAS FOUND ONLY IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE!

Art for Art's Sake

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

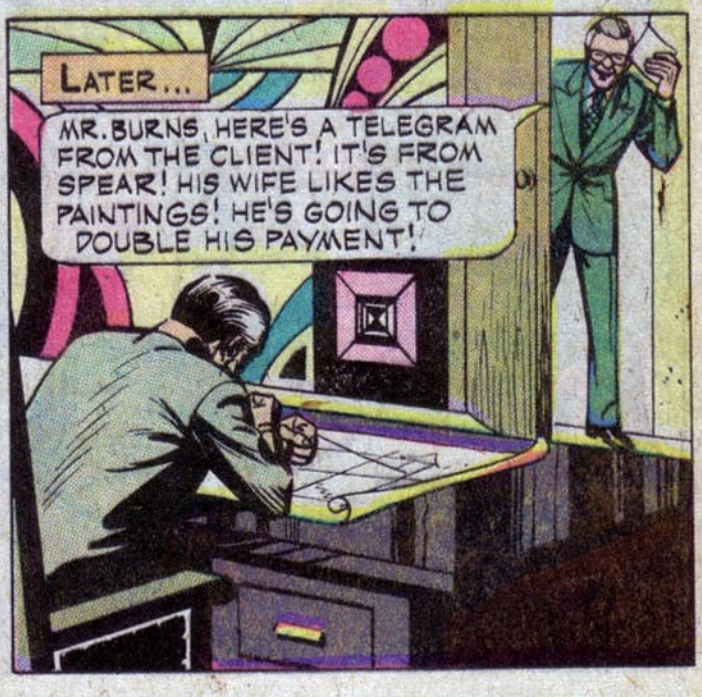
ROD BURNS, CONTRACTOR, THINKS HE'S DOING A GOOD DEED FOR THIS STRUGGLING ARTIST. BUT BURNS DOESN'T REALIZE THAT THE WALLS OF HIS BUILDING WILL SOON SWEEP HIM INTO A STRANGE WORLD, INTO A DIMENSION MORE FRIGHTENING THAN HE'S EVER DREAMED ABOUT... IN NIGHTMARES... INTO THAT AREA WE KNOW AS THE TWILIGHT ZONE!
ROD BURNS CONTRACTOR


SOME WEEKS BEFORE, AN UNKNOWN ARTIST, JON HEUVEL, PRESENTED HIMSELF...
MR. BURNS, IF YOU'LL JUST LET ME PUT MY MODERN MURALS ON THE WALLS OF YOUR NEW BUILDING...
NOT A BAD IDEA... MIGHT BE A GOOD SELLING POINT! YOUR PRICE IS RIGHT! GO AHEAD, YOUNG MAN!


JUST MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME, MY BOY! I'M GOING AWAY ON BUSINESS FOR A FEW WEEKS!
MR. BURNS, I REALLY APPRECIATE THIS OPPORTUNITY! THESE MURALS ARE GOING TO BE SOMETHING NOBODY'S EVER SEEN BEFORE!

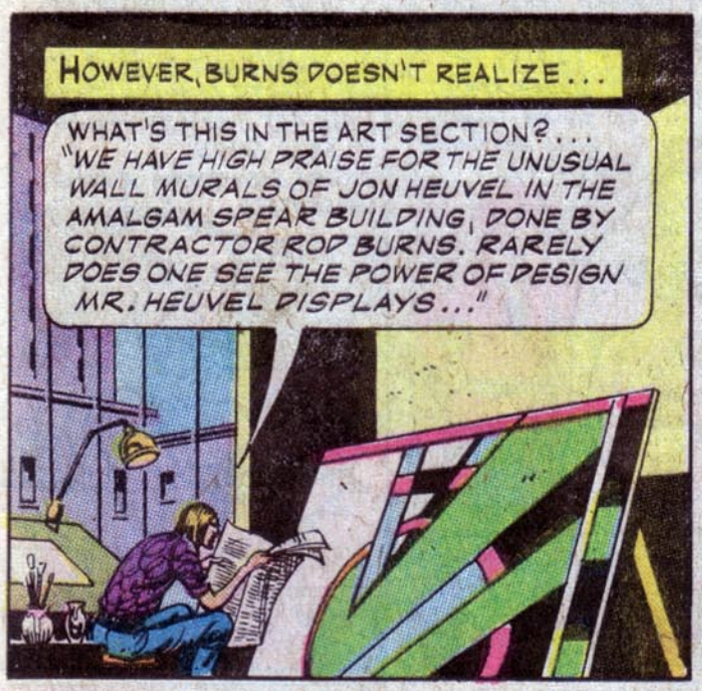
BUT WHEN BURNS RETURNS...
THESE ARE AWFUL! HORRIBLE! LIKE FINGER PAINTING! THIS IS A DISASTER!

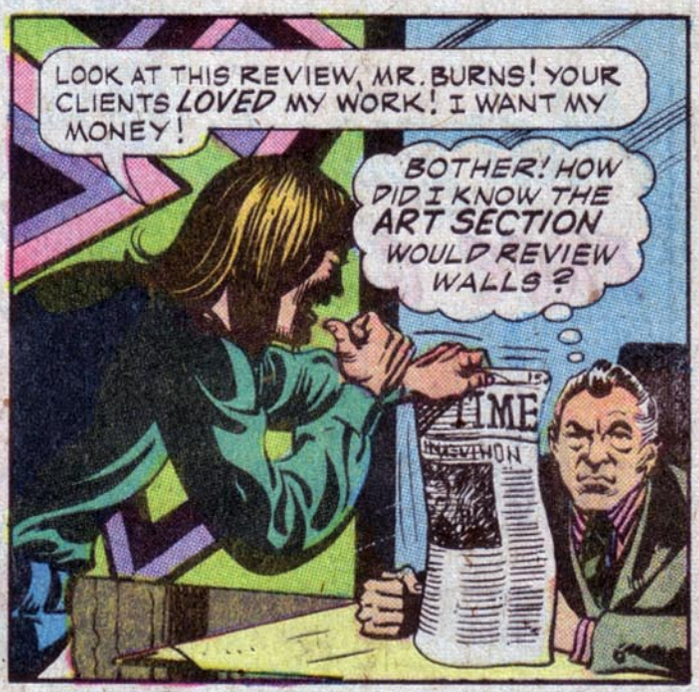
YOU'RE FIRED! I WON'T PAY YOU ONE CENT! MY CLIENT WILL NEVER BUY THIS MESS! THE WHOLE INTERIOR HAS TO BE REDONE! GET OUT!

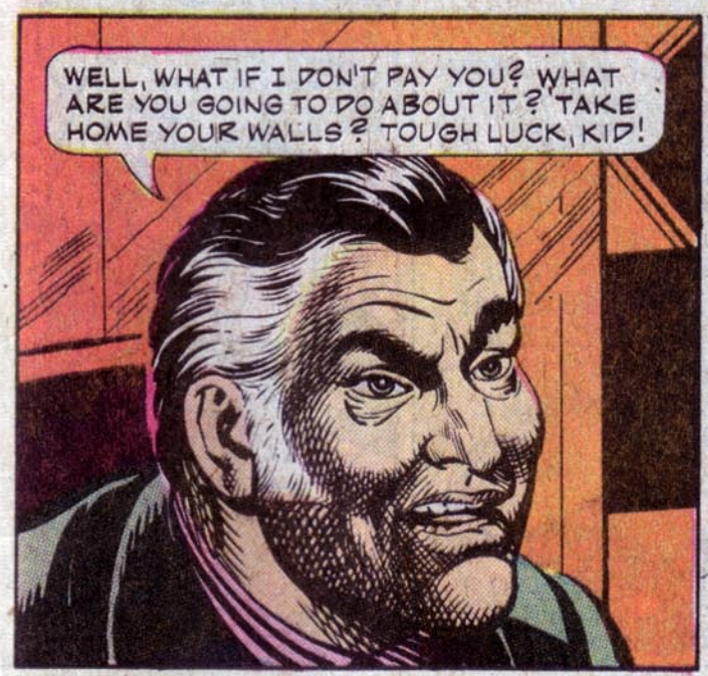

LATER...
MR. BURNS, HERE'S A TELEGRAM FROM THE CLIENT! IT'S FROM SPEAR! HIS WIFE LIKES THE PAINTINGS! HE'S GOING TO DOUBLE HIS PAYMENT!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! LET ME SEE THAT TELEGRAM!

IT'S TRUE! SPEAR DOES LIKE THE WALLS LIKE THIS! WHAT A FORTUNE! AND...I'M GOING TO KEEP ALL THE MONEY... HEUVEL WILL NEVER FIND OUT ABOUT IT!


HOWEVER, BURNS DOESN'T REALIZE...
WHAT'S THIS IN THE ART SECTION?... "WE HAVE HIGH PRAISE FOR THE UNUSUAL WALL MURALS OF JON HEUVEL IN THE AMALGAM SPEAR BUILDING, DONE BY CONTRACTOR ROD BURNS. RARELY DOES ONE SEE THE POWER OF DESIGN MR. HEUVEL DISPLAYS..."


LOOK AT THIS REVIEW, MR. BURNS! YOUR CLIENTS LOVED MY WORK! I WANT MY MONEY!
BOTHER! HOW DID I KNOW THE ART SECTION WOULD REVIEW WALLS?
TIME


WELL, WHAT IF I DON'T PAY YOU? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT? TAKE HOME YOUR WALLS? TOUGH LUCK, KID!

YOU HAVE A SOUL OF LEAD! DON'T THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'LL GET YOU!

IN THE STRUGGLE THAT FOLLOWS...
HE WAS CRAZY, HE WOULD HAVE KILLED ME!
BUT... WILL THE POLICE BELIEVE ME?
AAUGH!

SUCH A TRAGEDY! SUCH PROMISE! HE WAS CRAZY...THREATENED TO BLACKMAIL ME! HE TRIED TO KILL ME! I HAD GREAT THINGS PLANNED FOR HIM...
THE NEXT EVENING...
"CRAZED ARTIST JUMPS TO DEATH IN FRONT OF BENEFACTOR..."
IT LOOKS LIKE I CONVINCED THEM... "BENEFACTOR," THAT'S A LAUGH!
I'M ALMOST GETTING TO LIKE THIS STUFF... THE COLORS HAVE SUCH LIFE!
DAILY TIMES
ARTIST DIES
SUDDENLY...
WHAT IS THIS? THEY...THEY'RE ALIVE!
THEY'RE MOVING!
AN UNBELIEVABLE SCENE TAKES PLACE...
HELP! HELP!
THEY'RE ATTACKING ME!

THE NEXT THING HE KNOWS...
YOU'RE A LUCKY MAN, MR. BURNS! YOU WERE BADLY BATTERED! AND THE THINGS YOU WERE RAVING ABOUT... ABOUT COLORS ATTACKING YOU!
BUT THEY DID! THEY TRIED TO KILL ME!
NOW, NOW, MR. BURNS! WE ALL THINK WE SEE THINGS SOMETIMES! YOU MUST HAVE TRIPPED DOWN THE STAIRS! A NASTY FALL... NATURALLY, YOU HAD QUITE A BUMP ON YOUR HEAD!
BUT... I DID SEE THEM... DIDN'T I? I DON'T REMEMBER FALLING DOWN ANY STAIRS!
SOON RECOVERED, BURNS IS BACK AT WORK...
LOOKS AS IF I'M BACK NONE TOO SOON... OH, WELL, I NEEDED A REST... IMAGINE ME THINKING THE COLORS COULD MOVE!
IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! THESE THINGS DON'T HAPPEN! I'M GOING CRAZY!

NO...NO...
NOT AGAIN...
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
OUCH!
HELP!
BUT HIS CRIES ARE IN VAIN...
SWOOSH!
SWIZZZ!
AS HE PLUNGES DOWN AN OPEN ELEVATOR SHAFT...
YAGGH!
THE ODDEST THING ABOUT ROD BURNS'S ACCIDENTAL DEATH IS THE SPATTERING OF BRIGHT COLORS OVER HIS BROKEN BODY! BUT WHO COULD HAVE GUESSED WHERE THEY CAME FROM UNLESS HE WITNESSED AN INCREDIBLE BATTLE? BUT THAT BATTLE HAD NO WITNESSES—OUTSIDE THE TWILIGHT ZONE!